

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps
to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Yearly Subscribers only (whose names are registered at the Office) are entitled to an Admission to the Annual Concert.

No. 39.—VOL. XXIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848.

{PRICE THREEPENCE.
{STAMPED FOURPENCE.

NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are respectfully requested to pay their
Subscriptions to the 25th of September, to our publisher,
otherwise their names will be erased from the list, and the
transmission of the paper discontinued.

GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS FROM VENICE—(1790.)

IN ELEGIAC VERSE.

Money spent, and time as well—
How—this little book will tell.

XXXIII.

HUMBLE among Germania's princes is certainly my prince;
Narrow and short is his land, moderate too is his wealth.
But if they all like him put forth strength, inwards and outwards,
Then 'twere a glorious lot, German with Germans to be.
Yet why praisest thou one, by his deeds and his actions commended,
Knowing besides that thy praise haply may seem to be bought?
Yes, he has given me that which is seldom granted by greatness—
Confidence, leisure, and ease, garden, and fields, and a house.
He and he only my gratitude claims, though much I have needed,
Being a poet, and thus knowing but little of gain.
Europe indeed may have praised me, but Europe has given me nothing—
Nothing—Alas! I have paid dearly enough for my works.
Germany made me her model; and France condescended to read me;
England! the worn-out guest kindly you deigned to receive.
Yet I derive small profit, if even the native of China
Paints with laborious hand Wethers and Charlottes on glass;
Never did emperor—never did king take trouble about me.
He was Augustus to me—he was Mæcenas as well. J. O.

MARIANA BIANCA.

A NEW *cantatrice* has suddenly appeared in the Parisian
world, who, if we believe certain journalists, is likely to turn
the hearts of all Europe. Her name, we are told, is Mariana
Bianca, yet, despite of her Tuscan name, she is said to be
German born. Her form is tall, slight, and graceful; her
eyes are sparkling, and her hair is just as God has made it;
being indebted but little to art or the tonsor.

The voice of Mariana Bianca is described as so low in its
register, that it enables her to sing in the tenor clef. She is
consequently called the "*femme tenor*."

The writer in the *Menestrel* thus relates his impressions on
hearing this new vocal wonder:—

"My star conducted me a few evenings since towards a
region of the metropolis hitherto unknown to me. I arrived
in the midst of the most tremendous applause I ever heard.
The prima donna had just finished her *aria* from the *Barbiere*.
'Brava, bravissima!' shouted the crowd. 'O diva Mariana
Bianca!'

"The applause absolutely rent the sky like thunder-peals.
The people stamped and stormed like bedlamites. Never did

Malibran herself, in the height of her glory, produce a greater
excitement.

"Bouquets in hundreds, and some of enormous size, fell
at the feet of the overwhelmed Mariana. Twelve times came
she forward; twelve times inclined she in curtsying compli-
ment; and twelve times retired she smiling—yea, even
backwards.

"Retired she behind the scenes, and there, surrounded by
dandies, connoisseurs, amateurs, and managers, Mariana
Bianca blushed graciously to the compliments that hummed
round her. Bordogni—our celebrated Bordogni (?)—exchanged
with Mariana Bianca a jocund and fascinating smile.

"But in fine," enquires the *Menestrel*, or rather the
writer therein, "who is Mariana Bianca? upon what theatre
has she exhibited her enormous talents as *prima donna*? Was
it at the Ventadour, or the Scala?"

"It was neither at the Salle Ventadour, nor at the Scala,
but simply in a café-concert at the Champs Elysées.

"Close to the Square Marigny stands the *Café de la Nation*.
Adjoining the *café*, in the open air, is a roofed building, which
answers the purpose of a summer theatre. In presence of an
audience enthusiastically devoted to art and glasses of brandy,
you will find there the gentle tenor murmuring forth a melody
of Schubert's, the soprano trilling a la Persiani, and the bary-
tone daguerrotyping Levassor.

"But in the singing pleiads of this theatre in open air
burns one star of the first magnitude—a veritable phenomenon.
Mariana Bianca is its name—*premier tenor* its employ. Nay,
do not laugh—it is the exact truth. The throat of Mariana
Bianca exercises the *cumuli* of two sexes with an inconceivable
perfection. In short, this prodigy of a singer, and prodigious
lady every evening elicits astonishment, laughter and bravos.

"Bordogni (who is Bordogni?—Ed. M. W.), who figures
among the most constant visitors of the *Café de la Nation*,
has already made divers theatrical proposals to Mariana Bi-
anca, but which Mariana Bianca has not deigned to accept—
so they aver. Mariana Bianca gains 300 francs per month
..... What manager can pretend to vie with the *Café de la
Nation*?"

Now we of the *Musical World*, plain critics, plain English
folk, and not at all likely to be led away by *enthusiasm*, as
Lord Byron said Braham was wont to say, should like to hear
this wonderful *cantatrice*, who unites in her undivided self the
qualities of a tenor, contralto, and soprano; who rejoices in
the name of an Italian, and boasts of a Teutonic lineage;
who sings at a threepenny coffee-shop, and refuses the proffers
of the illustrious (?); who, in fact, combines the possible with
the impossible, and seems to be directed in her doings by the
very spirit of paradox; who has turned the brains of all
Paris, and would, no doubt, set the Thames on fire, if she
came to London. With great seriousness we warn Grisi,
Alboni, and Mario to look after their bays, about to be

snatched from their wreathed brows by this vocal Cerberus, Mariana Bianca, who unites the soprano, contralto, and tenor all in one, and surpasses in each. O, trumpery! O, Moes!

ALBONI AT CHELTENHAM.

We received late last night our correspondent's letter on the concert which took place at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, on Thursday evening. It came too late for insertion. We shall give an abstract of the contents.

The concert was given by Mr. Woodward, who with Alboni, had engaged Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Miss Kennedy, (harp,) Signor Schepens, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, (pianist.) The programme was nearly identical with that provided by the Alboni party at Bristol, Brighton, Manchester, and other places. Alboni created a most tremendous excitement. She was encoired in every thing, and, according to our correspondent, "sang divinely." Mrs. Weiss is most favorably mentioned. She obtained the compliment of an encore in Rossini's "La Pastorella." Of the other performers our correspondent takes no notice, with the exception of Mr. Lindsey Sloper, who is highly complimented for his performances, and who, he says, created a great sensation. The lateness of the hour at which the letter was received must be an apology for not speaking at great length.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In speaking of Alboni, the *Plymouth Herald* says,—

"In addition to taking part in several pieces with the two performers just mentioned, she sang in the first part a selection from Rossini, generally considered her masterpiece, 'Nacqui all'affanno,' and 'Non piu Mesta,' in the most magnificent and finished style, filling the noble saloon with a harmony—which may be equalled, but we venture to state, cannot be surpassed. It was applauded 'to the echo.' In the 2nd part, her *Scena*, from the opera *Betty*, 'In questo semiplice et Tyrolienne,' by Donizetti, was executed in the same powerful manner; the applause was equally unbounded,—this highly-gifted vocalist was encoired in both pieces,—and on each occasion her re-appearance on the stage was the signal for increased and enthusiastic approbation. It would be like 'painting the lily,' at this day to enter into an elaborate criticism on the vocal powers of Alboni—we therefore shall not attempt the task; suffice it to say, that her singing was brilliant and impressive in the highest degree; the alternate delicacy and rich lustre of her voice—melody itself—the finish and power of her execution, delighted every one, and the visit of this talented songstress will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing her."

Since the departure of Alboni there has been little or nothing going on in the musical way here. Indeed, after such excitement, there is generally a reaction in a country town. Mrs. Nisbett took her benefit on Friday last, when the play of *Wives as they were and Maids as they are*, with the *Field of Forty Footsteps*, were produced. The house was full in every part, and the dress boxes were occupied by all the fashion of the town and neighbourhood. The fair widow never looked more bewitching, and the graceful acting of Miss Mordaunt added much to the general effect of the comedy. In the after-piece, Mrs. Nisbett appeared to great advantage in *Rose Downright*, a part originally played by that charming ballad singer Mrs. Waylett, her joyous laugh, worthy a Jordan or Davison, seemed to inspire every one present with good humour; and she played the light hearted, merry abigail with all that *naïveté* peculiar to herself. She was admirably supported by the members of Mr. Newcombe's company. First, we must mention Mrs. Philips, who is a most talented and versatile actress, then Miss Aldridge, who is not to be

surpassed in the provinces, or elsewhere, as a singing chamber maid, she does all the Keeley business admirably. For the Glover department, Mrs. Watson is hardly to be equalled; I don't know any one, (of course excepting the original) who could have played the widow Green better. Last, not least in important parts, comes Mrs. Harding, who, whether she plays Lady Macbeth, or sings, or undertakes ballet parts, pages, or anything else, does all well, and is always well dressed. In the ballet department, Miss Clara Harcourt takes the lead and is most deservedly an immense favorite with the Plymouth audiences. Among the gentlemen of the corps dramatique, I must mention Ray, as being one of the best old men I have seen for some time; and in low comedy, there are few equals to the humorous, quaint, Emery. For dashing lovers, there are few better adapted than John Davis, who daily improves, and would be an acquisition to any company in London, or the provinces. And now a word about Newcombe, who I am sorry not to see more often on the boards of his own theatre; but I suppose the weight of such an establishment is sufficient to occupy his time without study. In short, never was manager, in the metropolis, or in the provinces, more deservedly popular both as an actor and a worthy member of society. The leading parts in tragedy and melodrama meet with an able representative in Mr. Phillips, who I believe already enjoys considerable reputation in the metropolis. Next week Frazer, Leffler, Horncastle, Tully, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs, commence their engagement. *Cinderella* will be the first opera, which will be put on the stage with unusual splendour. I shall send you an account of it next week.

T. E. B.

WINCKELMANN'S HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART.

(Translated from the German.)

BOOK I.

OF THE ORIGIN OF ART, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS DIFFERENCE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

CHAP. I.

I. THE arts, which depend on design, have, like all inventions, commenced with necessity. After this, the beautiful was sought, and lastly followed the superfluous. These are the three principal stages of art.

II. Works of art have been in their origin like the hand-somest men at their birth, unformed, and similar to each other, like the seed of totally different plants. But in their flower and their decline they resemble those great rivers, which, where they should be the broadest, dwindle into little rivulets or vanish altogether.

III. The art of design among the Egyptians is to be compared to a well-grown tree, the growth of which is impeded and interrupted by the worm and other accidents; for it remained without change, and even without attaining its perfection, the very same down to the time of the Grecian kings; and Persian art seems to have been in a similar predicament. The art of the Etrurians may be compared, in its bloom, to a violent torrent, which dashes boisterously between cliffs and over stones, for the character of their design is hard and exaggerated. But the art of design among the Greeks is like a river, the clear water of which, taking many windings, flows through a fertile valley, and increases without causing inundations.

IV. Art has principally occupied itself with *man*, and could therefore with more justice than Protagoras say of man, that he is the rule and measure of all things. Moreover, the earliest records teach us that the first attempts, especially at drawn figures, represented what a man is, not what he appears to us, — the outline of his shadow, not the aspect of his body. From this *simplicity* of form people proceeded to investigate relations, which taught correctness. This rendered it safe to venture the grand, and thus art attained *grandeur*, and finally, among the Greeks, reached by degrees the highest *beauty*. After all the parts had been combined, and their decoration was sought, people fell into the *superfluous*, and thus art lost its grandeur and finally fell altogether.

This is in a few words the design of this *History of Art*. First we shall speak in general terms of the form of art at its commencement; then of the different materials on which it has been employed; and thirdly, of the influence of climate upon art.

V. Art has begun with the simplest formation, and with working in clay—that is to say, with a species of sculpture; for even a child can give a certain form to a soft mass, but can draw nothing on a surface, because for the former the mere notion of the thing is sufficient, while for drawing many other kinds of knowledge are required. Afterwards painting became the decorator of sculpture.

VI. It seems that art has originated in the same way among all the nations who have practised it, and there is not sufficient reason to assign to it an especial father-land. Every nation has found within itself the first seeds of what is most necessary; and although art, like poetry, may be looked upon as a daughter of pleasure, it cannot be denied that pleasure is as necessary to humanity as those things without which it cannot exist. Moreover, we may affirm that painting and the formation of figures, or the art of *painting* and *forming* our thoughts is older than the art of writing them down, as may be shown by the history of the Mexicans and other nations. But since the first attempts at sculpture seem to have begun with figures of the gods, the invention of art varies according to the age of the nations, and with reference to the earlier or later introduction of divine worship; so that the Chaldeans or Egyptians must have given a visible form to the higher powers they imagined, while holding them up to veneration, at an earlier period than the Greeks. For here the case is the same as with other arts and inventions, such as that of dyeing in purple, which was first known and practised in the East. The records of images in the Holy Scriptures is far older than anything we know of the Greeks. (a) The images, which were at first carved in wood, and others which were cast in metal, have each a peculiar name in Hebrew. The former were afterwards gilded, or overlaid with gold plates. But those who talk of the origin of a custom or art, and of its communication from one people to another, generally err in this respect, that they confine themselves to single specimens which have some similarity, and draw from them a general conclusion; as, for instance, when Dionysius maintains, on the strength of the scarf which is tied round the loins of the wrestlers among both the Greeks and Romans, that it was derived by the latter from the former. (b) If then we grant that the Greeks derived their art from the Egyptians, we must at any rate acknowledge that the same thing took place here as with mythology. For the fables of the Egyptians were, as it were, born anew under the Greek sky, and took a totally different form and different names.

SELECT. VARIORUM NOTIS.

(a) In Mesopotamia there were idols from the time of Abraham.

(Jos. xxiv. 14.) Jacob commanded his family to remove all the idols. (Gen. xxxv. 2.) Rachel robbed her father Laban of the idols. (Gen. xxx. 19.—*Fea*.)

(b) Antiq. Rom. lib. vii., cap. 72. Dionysius states in this passage, that the Greek athletes in the earliest times covered the lower part of their person, and proves this from Homer; but that afterwards the custom was abolished by Acanthus, the Lacedæmonian. Of that olden custom Dionysius now says:—*ταῦτα καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἡ ἐν τῷ Ἰωνίῳ ἀρχαία ἐξ ἀρχῆς ἱστία*. He then goes on to say:—*ταῦτα δὲ τοιοῦτος ἀρχαίως ἐν τοῖς Ἑλλήσιν ἢ φυλακτόντις μέχρι τοῦδε Ῥωμαίοις πολλοὶ νομίζουσιν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρχῆς, ἀλλ' οὐδὲ μετασχηματίζουσιν οὐδὲ χειρὶ καλῶς ἔχουσιν*—*Fea and Meyer*.

Fea wrongly accuses Winckelmann of having misunderstood this passage. The old Latin translation gives the sense quite correctly as follows:—*Hunc igitur priscorum Græcorum morem, dum hodieque servant Romani, satis apparet, illos eum a nobis non posteriore tempore desumissæ, sed ne mutasse quidem, ut nos progressu temporis.*—*Siebelis*.

Did Winckelmann really mean, according to the opinion of the last commentator, to set Dionysius right in this, that the Romans never borrowed the girdle from the Greeks, neither in the old time nor the new? It does not seem so to me. Only let the passage be read, and I think there is justice in Fea's remark.—*Bielein*.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

NO. CII.

[When the Eternal is recognised, even the single and the immediate come to be accidental. They are deduced from the Eternal, as from their ground, and thus the external variety of their appearance is thoroughly understood, because they are grounded—that is, because the show of contingency is stripped off.—*Pieble the Younger*.]

PAUSE not, until the centre thou hast found,
Whence all things, an unceasing fountain, spring,
And to the surface that rich treasure bring
Which erst within the dark abyss was bound.
The forms that seem, chance-borne, to flit around,
Light toys for wayward destiny to fling—
Purposeless coming—vainly vanishing—
These gather value, when thou know'st their ground.
Nought is superfluous—nought—nought in vain;
Frail is the vision, mighty is its source,
Living through its effects, an endless cause.
The world seems dying: but again—again
It rushes into life, with new-born force,
The changing witness to eternal laws.

N. D.

DEATH OF W. J. HAMMOND, ESQ.

(From the New York Age of August 2.)

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the above distinguished actor, who departed this life on Friday morning, at the residence of Mrs. Black, in Broadway.

But five short weeks ago Mr. Hammond set his foot on the American shore, full of life, hope, and health; and scarcely three have passed since, with unfeigned pleasure, we shook his hand, and had the happiness of congratulating him on his favorable reception, by a brilliant audience, at Niblo's theatre.

We had known Mr. Hammond years ago, and never chronicled a friend's success with more real gratification. We looked upon it as the forerunner of future professional triumphs and personal prosperity; and, we may add, our regret in writing Mr. Hammond's obituary is as sincerely and deeply felt.

It will be remembered that an apology was made for Mr. Hammond, on the score of indisposition, the second night of his appearance, and that certain portions of the comedy, *Paul Pry*, in which Mr. Hammond sustained the principal character (*Paul Pry*) were omitted, to relieve him from some of his fatigue attendant upon its performance. The occasion was the last on which this gentleman appeared.

It was not (till within a few days of his death) anticipated

that his disease (dysentery) would prove fatal; but the change of the climate, added to the virulence of the disorder, was more than nature could resist—and Mr. Hammond at length sunk under their combined influences.

It will be a melancholy satisfaction for those interested in Mr. Hammond to know, that all medical skill, kind nursing, and unceasing attention could suggest, was done for him.

From the moment danger was anticipated, his bed-side was watched with unceasing care by Mr. and Mrs. Manvers, who were, fortunately, in the same house, and whose kind offices continued until the object of their solicitude left this "for another and a better world." Little as Mr. Hammond was generally known here, he died deeply regretted by the few with whom he became acquainted—his frank and pleasant manners and kindly bearing, winning him their respect and esteem.

Mr. Hammond's career, as an actor and manager, has been an eventful one: he rose from the lowest round of the ladder to its topmost height, in both capacities having acquired a well-deserved reputation as a provincial and metropolitan *artiste* and director. After conducting the *Liver Theatre*, in Liverpool, for some time, he became the lessee of that then most forlorn hope, "the Strand Theatre" in London, which, by his enterprise, activity, and exertions, was lifted from the slough of dramatic despondency to fashion and popularity. The piece mainly instrumental in effecting this almost magical change was the celebrated *Othello by Act of Parliament*, in which Mr. Hammond was the original Othello, and Mr. Mitchell (of the Olympic) the original Iago. This ran for upwards of one hundred nights, and was followed with equally attractive dramas and extravaganzas, among them Douglas Jerrold's *Bill Sticker*, which had also an unprecedented popularity. In brief, the success which crowned Mr. Hammond's managerial efforts at this little theatre, induced him to become the lessee of Drury Lane, where, despite his energy, he was a heavy loser. Throwing up the precarious position of theatrical dictator, he once more resumed his profession as an actor. His undoubted talents always enabled him to command a leading and lucrative engagement; and we have no doubt, had he been spared, his speculative trip to this country would fully have justified his anticipations.

As a low comedian, eccentric, and what is generally called "character" actor, Mr. Hammond had few equals, and no superiors; while as a comic singer, he was considered a worthy rival of the late Charles Mathews. Mr. Hammond was in the fifty-first year of his age. He married in early life the sister of the well-known author, Douglas Jerrold, and leaves a large family to deplore his loss.

The funeral of the distinguished gentleman took place yesterday from St. Mark's Church, which was crowded with the members of his profession, anxious to show this last mark of respect to one who, although a stranger, they regarded as a brother.

His body is interred in the Greenwood Cemetery, next to that of the late Stephen Price, and the remains of the late Edmund Simpson."

"Peace be with him."

THE STATE OF MUSIC IN BRISTOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

IN my remarks on the state of music in Bristol I only wished to give you my individual and disinterested opinion on the matter, without any intention to hurt the feelings of a single person, or to lower the merits of any of our musical societies. I perceive, however, from the numerous corres-

pondences which my letter has called forth, that I have been stirring up a wasp's nest, and that my remarks, instead of being considered, as they ought to have been, in the light of purely musical criticism, have been represented and attacked as the effusions of "morbid feelings," and personal malignity. To clear myself from reproaches of that kind, and, most of all, to preserve your confidence in the truth and impartiality of my future communications, I must beg you to allow me to answer a few words to each of the letters in which my report has been commented upon.

I shall take Mr. Distin's letter first, because he appears to feel personally offended and injured. How a man of sense could find cause in my remarks to feel offended, I am utterly at a loss to conceive, as I am also conscious of having had not the slightest intention to injure him. When I said that the performances of his family had lost by the death of one of his sons, I only wished to pay a compliment to the merits of the latter, without depreciating that of the other members. Every musical person admits that the Distins play their peculiar instruments with a high degree of perfection; but whether the present arrangement of their music is superior to the former is entirely a matter of opinion, and I think it strange that Mr. Distin should require of a critic to form his estimation according to his (Mr. Distin's) assertion on the praises of a provincial paper. I am decidedly of opinion that the rearrangement of their music is not an improvement, but this did not prevent me from applauding several times the exactness and *ensemble* of their performance, and the idea of depreciating Mr. Distin's family never entered my head.

The same I have to observe in regard to Mr. Cooper, a performer whom I sincerely admire, and who, in my opinion, might easily raise himself to rank one of the first violinists in Europe. A correspondent has given a programme of Mr. Cooper's last concert (see page 596), and accompanied it with some critical remarks and information, for which I feel much obliged. This is what I call a reasonable and just way to contradict and modify the statement of another reporter, as it confines itself to the subject in question, without endeavouring to place the motives of my remarks in an odious light. But now look at the letter on the 604 page. There my observations on the concert in general are immediately, and without the least shadow of reason, construed into an attack upon Mr. Cooper; whereas my last sentence, "although Mr. Cooper, &c. &c." plainly showed that if the concert did not give general satisfaction, this could not be attributed either to Mr. Cooper or Mr. Jacques. I said, expressly, that I had derived my information from indirect sources, and had not been present myself. I have since been informed that only one of the statements was erroneous, viz, that relating to the solo of Mr. Cooper, which, I hear, contained only one movement on the fourth string: but suppose all the statements had been wrong, could their simple repetition justify a man in attributing to me sinister motives? I am fully aware that any attempt of mine to lower Mr. Cooper in the estimation of the musical world would be utterly absurd and ridiculous, and to prove that I have no inclination to do so, I need only mention, that I have repeatedly bestowed praise upon the performances of that gentleman through the medium of the press. The same correspondent alludes to my observations on the *Madrigal Society*, and in his great amiability wants to bring me into hostile contact with Mr. Corfe, the very man of whom I spoke in the highest terms. And why? because I indulged in a little joke, when speaking of the concerts of the society, just as if this were an act of high treason, and a musician must necessarily take off his hat and bow in awful reverence when speaking,

or even only thinking, of those old madrigals, and the fashionable societies who have taken a predilection for them, to the exclusion of all other vocal music. I ask you, Mr. Editor, what is to become of musical criticism, if the pen of the writer is to be put into iron fetters, and a man cannot speak out his mind, without exposing his remarks to be converted into "malignant attacks," and himself to the danger of being hunted down as an evil-doer? The remarks on the Classical Harmonists' Society, of which the writer is a member, I shall not notice, as I shall have to speak of that society in my comment upon the letter, written by "One of the Brass Band."

That this letter emanated from the pen of a brass-band man, is quite evident from the extreme harshness of its tone, and the vigour with which the writer blows forth his unmelodious strains of abuse. His introductory sentences, however, give a clue to the spirit which dictated his letter, and which is nothing less than offended vanity and personal spite against the individual whom he suspected of having mentioned his society in disrespectful terms. You, not being acquainted with our local affairs and persons, could of course not judge of the real character of his letter; but to any Bristol musician or amateur it is as clear as daylight for what person his invectives were intended, and that that person is quite another individual than your humble servant. Nevertheless, the brass-band man was so afraid that you might look through his designs, and object to his letter on account of its personalities, that he took the precaution to send a copy of the letter to one of our local papers, which, of course, could not insert an article of such tendency. From correspondences which have taken place in the paper alluded to, the writer must now be aware how far he hit from the mark in his precipitate guess; and as I believe he will do me the justice to say, that none of his personal remarks can be justly applied to me, I shall not dwell upon them any longer, and pardon him. But now to the subject of his letter. He first says, that "few, if, indeed, any other large town shows a more decided taste for music of a high order than Bristol;" proof, "the number of musical classes" (which he wants me to count). To this I reply, firstly, that I never compared the musical taste of Bristol with that of any other place; and, secondly, that it is his business to enumerate the classes, in order to refute my general statement. But what galls the brass-band man most is, that I called his society *insignificant*; and, in order to hide his own mortification, he first undertakes to defend the *Glee Club*, which is not his own. Now my expression was this—"These two societies are too insignificant to attract general notice, or to have any decided influence upon the state of music in Bristol." Does it not appear plainly from this, that I spoke of the societies merely in regard to their musical importance, and that I meant to say, "The number of their members is too small, and the object which they have in view too unimportant, to be of great benefit to the state of our music"? The *Orpheus Glee Club* (this is the full title) counts about fourteen members, and confines itself, as its name indicates, to German glees published in the "*Orpheus*"—is this an important society? I am sure that none of the members ever dreamt of representing it as such, although they would have much more right to do so than the Brass Band Society. When they, assisted by other amateurs, gave a concert, "In aid of the Harmonist Society," they did an act of kindness, and their success only proves that their benevolence was acknowledged by the public, and their performance of an attractive kind. But the member of the Brass Band obviously measures the value and importance of a society by the number of persons which attends its concerts, and the

profits realized by it. He says his society ought not to have been called insignificant, because its two concerts together were attended by 2000 (!) persons, and the entire proceeds amounted to almost sixty pounds, which were given to charitable institutions. This is certainly the reasoning of a great musician! When the *Female Ethiopian Serenaders* first made their appearance, they attracted an equally numerous audience, and I know that the proceeds of their concert were equally great: therefore, the Serenaders form a musical company of great importance! If the Brass Band man had imagined into what difficulties the mentioning of the above concerts would bring him, he would never have said a word about them. But I shall not suffer him to escape. The last concert of the Brass band (Feb. 2nd) was announced in large letters as a concert in aid of the "*Refuge Society*," and patronised by "His Worshipful the Mayor, the Duke of Beaufort, the Hon. H. Berkeley, Mr. Miles," and many other persons of high standing. Now, if not the charitable object of the concert, and the presence of these persons, but the musical performance of the Society attracted such a large audience, then, what must be the state of music in a town, where a performance of marches, polkas, waltzes, and quadrilles, can enable a brass band to give thirty pounds to the poor; whilst a society which brings before the public oratorios and other choral works of great masters, is "wasting away through lack of funds and encouragement." In the latter sentence the writer corroborates my statement in regard to the position of the Classical Harmonists' Society: in how far my observations on its last performance were also just and correct, you may judge from the enclosed correspondence, which has been carried on in the *Bristol Times*.

And now, Mr. Editor, I leave you to judge and express your opinion, whether my communication to you was of such a nature as to justify such attacks upon my character and person as have been made upon me by the writers of the letters alluded to.

TEUTONIUS.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN LIVERPOOL

(From our own Correspondent.)

I was unable last week to give you anything but a favorable report of the performances of Grisi and party in Italian Opera at our Theatre Royal, but now I am glad to say that they redeemed their impersonations in *I Puritani* and *Don Pasquale*. As I see you, like the Arabs, are partial to dates, and wishing to avoid a similar "mauling" to that you gave to your Dublin correspondent, I will be particular as to "last night, &c." Well, on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., Bellini's beautiful opera, *I Puritani*, was performed at our Theatre Royal, the characters being thus cast:—Grisi, Elvira; Mdlle. Vera, Henrietta; Mario, Arturo; and Tagliafico, Giorgio. The first notes uttered by Grisi and Mario shewed that they had recovered from their languor (produced, I believe, by sea-sickness); but neither of them acted with the animation and vigour they threw into their performances before a London audience, supposing doubtless that the audience were "no judges;" but if this was their idea they were sadly mistaken, for their performances have been very severely criticised by our local press and musical amateurs, many of whom are good judges of both music and acting, and have a most natural dislike to being insulted by the indifference of singers, however great they may be. The Italian vocalists, when they sing in the provinces, are usually free from any pecuniary risk, but they must bear in mind that they do not behave

honestly in not using their best endeavours to please, and thus bring remunerative audiences to the party who has to pay them so exorbitantly for their services. These remarks are not solely my own, but those of hundreds who patronized the Italian Operas. Grisi was in good voice, and now and then she sang as well as ever she did; the polacca "Son vergin vezzosa" was splendidly interpreted; the most difficult roulades were taken with the greatest ease and brilliancy; her singing, in fact, was excellent throughout, but her acting was sadly deficient in animation: there were few of those flashes of genius you expect from Grisi—all was "flat, stale, and unprofitable:" the mad scene, in particular, was ungraceful and unreal. This may seem severe, but I am sorry to say that it is true. Grisi can do better, and she ought. Mario's singing throughout was delicious; his share of the quartette, "A te o cara," was given with great purity and delicacy, as was also the romance in the garden scene, but his acting was also "below par." Tagliafico was a fine Giorgio, his "make-up" for the part shewed him to be a true artist; he sang well and evenly throughout, and acted with feeling. He gave his share of the "Suoni la tromba" duet with great energy and vigor, and secured a loud encore. Ciabatta was a tolerable Riccardo; he sang very fairly throughout, but neither his singing or acting won much applause from the audience. As Mdle. Vera had nothing either to sing or to act, of course she had no opportunity of "coming out," either as a vocalist or actress.

The comic opera of *Don Pasquale* was given on Friday evening. The novelty of a comic opera, in which the characters were dressed in every day costume, served to astonish the audience "not a little," who could scarcely bring themselves to believe that an Italian opera could be either melodious or good unless the tune and scene were laid in bye-gone days. But they were soon undeceived, the music, though neither very fine, grand, or classical, is yet of a very pleasing description, lively, flowing and pretty. Norina was admirably personated by Grisi, who seemed more at home in a comic than a serious opera; she acted with great archness and spirit, and sang exceedingly well. The finale was given with great spirit and brilliancy. Tagliafico quite astonished the audience by his *Don Pasquale*, which was acted by him with great comic effect; he did not quite look the character, but his comic bye-play was most admirable, while his singing was as usual, unexceptionable. He is a great artist, and will, if he improves as he has lately done, be one of the greatest singing actors on the Italian operatic stage.

The great "hit" of the opera was the lovely serenade, "Come è gentil," which was given by Mario with all that purity, power, and sweetness for which he is so deservedly famous; the audience were absolutely "frenzied" by it, and encored it about three or four times, and each time it was given with increased effect, and received with increased delight. It was the first time we have heard it sung in Liverpool, with the chorus, and "other effects," and to me it seemed like another affair altogether from the "Come è gentil" I had previously heard at concerts. Ciabatta was a respectable Dr. Malatesta. An extra performance, consisting of the first act of *Norma*, and the last act of *Don Pasquale*, was given on the Saturday evening, but I am sorry to say it was a failure as regards attendance. The public expected that the *Somnambula*, or, at least, another complete opera would have been performed, but they were disappointed. The Liverpool public are not sufficiently acquainted with Italian operatic performances to be pleased with odd scenes from different operas, of which they neither know the story or the music, so they would not go unless they were to be pleased, and as

they did not expect to be pleased, they stopped away. Mr. H. F. Aldridge, who deserved to be well repaid for his spirited endeavours to please the public, lost a considerable sum of money. This week we have a comparative lull in our theatrical world. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam have been doing their best to "draw" at our Theatre Royal; and Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover have been "starring it" at the Amphitheatre; but at both houses the audiences have been scanty. Robert Houdin is still at our Liver Theatre, and where his wonderful and indescribable feats draw crowded houses nightly. His "bottle" is as exhaustible as ever, and as few of his audience are tee-totalers, he is obliged to give its contents pretty freely. You have, doubtless, heard of the death of Mr. W. J. Hammond, whose melancholy end in a foreign land, just as the prospects of future good fortune appeared so bright, has excited a deal of sympathy for his unfortunate family, who are left comparatively destitute. Subscriptions are being raised for them, which I hope will do somewhat to alleviate the irreparable loss. Mr. Hammond was well known in Liverpool (where his family reside); he has been the manager of all our theatres (but one), but in the end they involved him in difficulties. He was a good actor, and a hard-working man; but let us hope that he is at peace now, and in that place where there is neither care, work, nor sorrow. Mr. R. B. Brough's new farce, *What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid*, lately produced with such great success at the Olympic Theatre, is to be produced by Mr. Copeland at our Amphitheatre next week, or a few days after. J. H. N.

(From the Liverpool Chronicle.)

"Few greater musical treats have been presented to the public of this locality than those which the spirit and enterprise of Mr. Aldridge have enabled them to enjoy during the present week, at a price, too, considering the nature of the attraction, marvellously low. The success of this experiment proves, if proof were wanting, that in popular performances, as in every other branch of art, the highest order of talent can be adequately rewarded when the terms are such as to afford the public generally, instead of a section only of the public, the opportunity of being participators. The failure of the attendance at the Collegiate Institution on the occasion of the Lind concert, was a proper retribution for demanding a guinea for a single admission; and the crowded state of the Theatre-Royal three times this week may be traced to the fact that three popular operas, beautifully represented, were attainable for the same sum, supported by a corps of vocalists than, whom the musical world possesses no superiors, if any equals. If peripatetic speculators knew how keenly the public scent a musical bargain, the tactics which exclude many of the middle classes from these elegant entertainments, would be abandoned in favour of the more liberal and enlightened system which Mr. H. F. Aldridge has introduced, not only to the satisfaction of the town, but we trust with advantage to his own treasury.

Norma, as being the greatest of Grisi's parts, and the one in which she has distanced, not only rivalry, but all approach to rivalry, was selected for the opening night. In this splendid character her greatest triumphs have been made. The story admits of the finest tragic effects, and Bellini has studded it with some of his most exquisite productions: love, madness, jealousy and revenge, alternately sway the mind of the heroine, and evolve situations of the deepest interest. Ample scope is afforded for the highest lyrical and dramatic genius. The phases of passion are strong and sudden, and must be powerfully brought out to be at all effective. Few performances of

the age have excited more interest than the prima donna's singing and playing of this part. The prayer, "Casta Diva," was worthy of the music and the vocalist, and the duet with Adalgisa was one of the most delicious things of the evening. The finale was also beautifully wound up. Still, although it may sound like heresy to say it, we have heard Grisi to greater advantage. There was less than her usual energy and spirit, and time is making inroads on her voice, especially in some of its upper notes; but the performance altogether was a noble display of artistic skill.

There is little opportunity for Mario to display his fine voice in Pollio, but some opportunities he seized with consummate skill. In London he considers the part beneath his powers. Vera, as Adalgisa, sang deliciously, and divided the applause with Grisi. Tagliafico, who appeared at the Philharmonic concert a year or two ago, is, with one exception, the best Orovoso we have seen. The dignity with which he supported the part was only excelled by the vocalism he threw into it. The choruses were finely sustained, and the exertions of the military band, not less than the orchestra, contributed to delight the house. At the fall of the curtain all the singers were called for.

Bellini's beautiful opera of *I Puritani* was performed on Thursday evening, to a densely crowded and fashionable audience, who seemed throughout the evening to be most highly gratified. Grisi was the Elvira; Mdle. Vera, Henrietta; Mario, Arturo; Ciabatta, Ricardo, and Tagliafico, Giorgio. The choruses were strong, and worked well, the result, we suppose, of energetic rehearsals. The scenery and dresses were also deserving of commendation; in fact, the piece was put upon the stage in a manner highly creditable to the establishment.

All the vocalists on this occasion were in excellent voice; in fact, it could scarcely be believed that the Grisi of Thursday and the Grisi of Tuesday were the same individuals. She seemed in better health and spirits, and sang with a degree of abandon and animation which has for so long a time enabled her to "hold her own" against the most promising and popular singers of the day; her voice was full, true, and clear as a bell, and under the most perfect command. On her first appearance with her uncle, Sir Giorgio, she was most enthusiastically received; and after a few notes had been uttered by her and it was seen that her voice was so much better than on Tuesday evening, the applause was redoubled. Her acting in this scene was also worthy of great praise, her mingled fear and joy being wonderfully expressed. Her first great triumph was the celebrated polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," in which she trilled out the light tripping passages in a lively, joyous style, embellished with the most brilliant *floriture*, and executed with the greatest ease. She was of course applauded to the very echo, and encored. Her mad scene was also splendid and truthful. Her aria in this scene, "Qui la voce," was deliciously given and unanimously re-demanded. Her acting and singing in the last scene were very fine; it was quite in her style. None can equal Grisi and Mario in scenes of this description; her clinging to her lover, with womanly love and desperation, was equal to most of her greatest tragic efforts. Mdle. Vera's character was a mere nonentity; she had scarcely a note to sing, and nothing to do that could give the audience an opinion of her fine rich voice. Mario, as we have said above, was the Arturo; like Grisi, he was in beautiful voice, and seemed to be also in better health and spirits. He was magnificently and appropriately dressed, and was the very beau ideal of a cavalier. His first aria was the "A te Ocara," which he gave with unrivalled delicacy and finish: his

voice is much improved since he last appeared in Liverpool; it is very full and clear, and now possesses a degree of sweetness and delicacy unsurpassed by any living tenor. All his vocal efforts were a series of triumphs throughout the evening: in fact it is difficult, where everything is so beautiful, to pick out any *morceau* for particular mention. His song in the garden, by which Elvira is made sensible of the vicinity of her lover, was the very perfection of vocal tenderness and amorous singing. Signor Ciabatta, who, we think, is a stranger to the Liverpool public, made his *début* as Riccardo. He possesses a fine baritone voice, of even quality, but rather deficient in power; in fact, in the *sotto voce* singing, it could scarcely be distinguished from a tenor. He possesses a good stage figure, a remarkably handsome face, and walks the stage well. His singing throughout was marked by feeling and energy, and in the famous duet with Tagliafico, "Suoni le trombe," he was deservedly applauded. Tagliafico filled Lablache's rôle of Sir Giorgio, and, though he has neither the voice nor the figure of his famous contemporary, we doubt if there is at present any vocalist on the Italian stage (excepting Marini) who could both act and sing in the character better. His fine, deep, manly voice was of the greatest use in the concerted music, and in the "Suoni la tromba" duet he sang with great force and vigour. His "make up" for the old Puritan colonel was very artistic. The applause of the audience was very frequent and enthusiastic, and after the fall of the curtain the vocalists were all before it. We cannot finish these remarks without expressing the great annoyance the lovers of music experienced by numbers of the audience leaving a few minutes before the finish of the opera, by which the interest of the piece is spoiled, and, in some cases, the best part of the singing is altogether lost.

Donizetti's comic opera of *Don Pasquale* was performed, for the first time in Liverpool, last night, with decided success. The house was again densely crowded by the *élite* of the town, who seemed as much delighted with this, to them, novel style of opera, as with those of a more serious cast. The late hour at which the opera terminated makes it impossible for us to do anything like justice either to the opera or the vocalists; but we can say, for the information of those who intend going this evening, that the opera contains some of its author's finest inspirations, including the beautiful serenade, "Come è gentil," which was given by Mario in his best style, and was loudly encored. All the vocalists were in good voice, and acted and sang with a degree of comic verve, which delighted every one present.

(From the Liverpool Mail.)

"The third grand musical treat of the season has been afforded to us at the Theatre Royal, in the appearance of the leading stars of the Italian Opera, from Covent-Garden, in three of the first lyric productions of the age. The vaticinations of many, who, for reasons best known to themselves, withheld their confidence from the promised engagements, have thus been defeated, whilst all who accepted the invitation to give the project their encouragement have been delighted. The merit of originating and completing the arrangements has been originally accorded to Mr. H. F. Aldridge, jun., and certainly it could not have been in abler hands. He is a young man of great musical talent, acquirement, and experience, and his long connexion with some of our principal musical societies, combined with his admitted talents and unwearied assiduity in promoting a knowledge of the higher branches of his profession, have given him an extended and well-deserved influence with our townsmen of wealth and taste. There

were few parties in Liverpool, therefore, so well qualified to carry this serious undertaking to a satisfactory conclusion; and we congratulate him on his undoubted success. We hope he will realise a large sum from the profits as a reward for his enterprise and industry. This, we should think, could scarcely fail to be the case, as, though the prices were placed at an uncommonly low figure, the charges were less than might reasonably have been expected; a well-advised economy, without niggardliness, attended all the arrangements; and the house was filled in every part on each of the three evenings of the performance. We trust the result has altogether been so personally gratifying to him that we shall hereafter be frequently favoured with similar exhibitions.

The first opera, Bellini's *Norma*, was presented on Tuesday evening, the chief characters being thus filled:—Norma, Madame Grisi; Adelgisa, Madlle. Vera; Pollio, Signor Mario; and Oroveso, Signor Tagliafico. The piece was got up with the nicest attention to scenery and costume. Permission was obtained from the officers of the 81st Regiment for their splendid band to assist in the grand march which accompanies the Druid hosts. There was a well-drilled chorus of seventy-five voices, and a very numerous and highly-accomplished orchestra, comprising many of our best local professors, and several distinguished performers from the metropolis, showing that neither pains nor legitimate expense had been spared to render the attraction complete.

The overture to *Masaniello* was first played under the directorship of Mr. H. F. Aldridge, and went off very nicely, though divested of much of its native spirit by the absence of the triangle, a small and insignificant instrument in some compositions, but in this one most important to the full development of the author's conceptions. Mr. Aldridge then resigned the baton to Signor Vera, taking himself the conductorship of the military band, in order that it might work in entire and perfect unison with the band in the orchestra.

When the curtain drew up, Signor Tagliafico, as Oroveso, was very warmly greeted. He was in excellent voice and sang with great spirit and effect. Signor Mario, as Pollio, experienced a similarly enthusiastic welcome, and the style in which he gave the dream, "Meo all' altar di Venere," clearly showed that he was determined to deserve the applause thus liberally showered down upon him. The character is an unpleasant one to personate, and the music not the most gratifying to the performer. It was scarcely suited to him, and moreover is not one of his accustomed roles, but we know no one on the stage who could have done it so much justice, or who would have taken the pains with it which he did. The "Vieni in Roma, ah! vieni O cara," to Adalgisa was enunciated with exquisite tenderness, as also were the "Ah! troppo tardi," and other similar passages, whilst the utterance of the "A ne non puor" may be justly said to have been most magnificent. Grisi, as Norma, was, as usual, great both in her acting and singing. Her personation was a mighty specimen of lyric tragedy. Still, we think, we have heard her in the same part to greater advantage. Her reception was of the warmest character, and she maintained her high position with the audience from the commencement to the close. The "Casta Diva" and other beautiful phrases were, of course, much admired and applauded. We believe the *prima donna* had suffered somewhat from sea sickness during her passage from Dublin. Mademoiselle Vera is a debutante of great promise, and was well received. She has a rich contralto voice, sings with feeling, and, with ornament at command, whenever required, does not thrust it obtrusively forward, but uses it with the utmost discretion. "Si fino all'ore estreme" was sweetly given.

The duo with Norma, "Oh! qual traspare orribile," was heartily encored, the only *morceau* in the opera thus favoured during the entire evening, the auditory evidently considering that the vocalists had sufficient employment before them to require the whole of their strength, and not being willing to disturb the current of the story by unnecessary testimonies of their delight. The military band combined admirably with the band in the orchestra during the performance of the march and chorus, and the choristers, generally, acquitted themselves well. The performers were called before the curtain at the close of the piece to receive renewed testimonies of the gratification which their efforts had afforded. Between the first and second acts of the opera, the military band were drawn up on the stage in their own proper costume, and played with the utmost taste, precision, and effect, under the direction of their master, Mr. Crozier, a favourite air from *La Figlia del Reggimento*. An encore being called, they substituted another piece, which was played with the like spirit and judgment. Much however as we appreciated this display, and we did so greatly in common with the auditory generally, we must say that we felt that the spirit-stirring music of the drum, the shrill pipe, and the trombone, had a strong tendency to deaden the ear to the full and proper enjoyment of the vocalism which followed. Still we would not have been absent for three times the amount of the subscription.

The second opera, Bellini's *Puritani*, was presented on Thursday evening to an audience similarly composed as that on Tuesday. The following is the cast:—Sir George, Signor Tagliafico; Lord Arthur, Signor Mario; Sir Richard, Signor Ciabatta; Henrietta, Madlle. Vera; Elvira, Madame Grisi. The part of Elvira is one of Madame Grisi's especial favourites; and, having recovered from the fatigue of her recent passage across St. George's Channel, and being in admirable voice, she came out most brilliantly, and was several times encored. The "Son Vergin Vezzosa," "A Vieni al Tempio," "Qui la voce sua soave," "Vien diletto, e in Ciel la luna," and other delightful airs, afforded full scope for her wondrous powers, and she exerted herself to the utmost. Mario was also quite at home as Arturo, and was heartily encored in "A te, O cara," "Carco il sonno," &c. Tagliafico made an efficient representative of Sir George, both in singing and acting. The duet, "Suoni la tromba," was encored, but this was chiefly attributable to the popularity of the composition, and to Tagliafico's treatment of it. Signora Vera had very little to do, but did it exceedingly well. The chorusses were also executed in good style, and the band was very effective. The chief performers were again honoured by being called before the curtain. Mr. H. F. Aldridge conducted the overture to *William Tell* between the acts.

Last night, the entertainments consisted of Donizetti's opera buffa of *Don Pasquale*, when the house was again crowded. Grisi's acting as Norina in this piece is known to be the perfect impersonation of all that is arch, charming, and animated; the music affording a fine opportunity for the display of that flowing and florid style of vocalization in which she is without a rival. Mario had to sing his celebrated serenade, "Come é gentil," and of course obtained several encores. The music of *Don Pasquale* is said to be also well suited to Tagliafico's voice, and he lately exhibited in this part, in Dublin, a decided appreciation for the humorous, which made it a great hit with the audience. Ciabatta is also reputed to sing the music of Doctor Malatesta with correct taste, and to act with gentlemanly ease and self-possession, while the incidents of the opera are most amusing, and the

dilemmas of the old bachelor the cause of continued mirth. The music is of a brilliant and buoyant character, never becoming dull or weary to the ear. We much regret that the late hour at which the performance took place prevents our giving a detailed notice of the admirable efforts of the Italian artists in this work.

We find that an extra performance will be given this evening, to comprise select portions of *Norma* and *Don Pasquale*, an opportunity of which the public will eagerly avail themselves, especially as the parts have been now more thoroughly rehearsed, and may be expected to be delivered in superior style. The celebrated serenade by Mario is worth all the money charged for admission.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Courier.)

WE may congratulate the directors on the brilliant *eclat* with which this concert went off, at the Concert Hall, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 13. The vocalists were Grisi, Mario, and Tagliafico. Signor Hallé was the sole pianist, and Mr. Herman conducted the concert in place of Mr. Seymour, who was unavoidably absent at the Norwich festival, having accepted the engagement long previous to the concert at the Concert Hall being fixed. The following was the programme:

PART I.

Overture	Cherubini.
Trio, Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and Signor Tagliafico, "Solingo errante" (<i>Ernani</i>)	Verdi.
Aria, Signor Tagliafico, "La Calunnia" (<i>Il Barbiere</i>)	Rossini.
Cavatina, Madame Grisi, "Io l'udia" (<i>Torquato Tasso</i>)	Donizetti.
Recit. e Aria, Signor Mario, "Come mai calma le pene" (<i>Amazilia</i>)	Pacini.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, Mons. Hallé	Beethoven.
Duetto, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, "Ah se puoi così lasciarmi" (<i>Mosé in Egitto</i>)	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture, "La Gazza Ladra"	Rossini.
Duetto, Signor Mario and Signor Tagliafico, "Quando di sangue tinto" (<i>Belisario</i>)	Donizetti.
Romanza e Rondo, Madame Grisi, "In cielo benedetto," "Non fu sogno" (<i>I Lombardi</i>)	Verdi.
Cantata, Signor Mario, "Adelaida"	Beethoven.
Pianoforte Obligato, Mons. Hallé.	
Solo, pianoforte, Mons. Hallé, Lieder ohne Worte	Mendelssohn.
"La Truite," Caprice brillant sur un thème de Schubert	Heller.
Duo Buffo, Madame Grisi and Signor Tagliafico, "La Lezione di Canto" (<i>Il Fanatico per la Musica</i>)	Fiorivanti.
Terzetto, Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and Signor Tagliafico, "Zitti, zitti"	Rossini.
Overture, "Près aux Clercs"	Herold.

The opening overture, *Anacreon*, by Cherubini, and in the second act, *La Gazza Ladra*, were well performed. The vocal part of the concert commenced with Verdi's terzetto from *Ernani*, "Solingo errante." It was well sung, but we think it but a poor composition. Tagliafico sung "La Calunnia," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, very well; and, although it was admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. D. W. Banks, we must deprecate the now, alas! too common practice of omitting the orchestral accompaniments. Surely when the directors are put to such an enormous expense as they are to keep together an excellent band, we may say unrivalled in the provinces for quality, it is too trying to the temper of subscribers (real judges of music) to find, concert after concert, music, such as the song now under notice, thus robbed of one half of its charm: for we contend that "La Calunnia," however well sung, and however well accompanied on the piano-

forte, is little worth. All its dramatic effect, all its light and shade and variety are sacrificed, and you come away with just as much real notion of the intrinsic value of the composition as you would do of a fine painting after seeing only a pencil sketch or engraving of it, all the effect of colouring being left to the imagination. We have dilated a little more than usual on this subject, because it is an omission we have so often felt as a privation, and we trust that in future some exertion will be made to remedy this evil. Mario and Tagliafico sung "Quando di sangue tinto," and "Sul campo della gloria," in fine style; the latter gentleman has a very powerful and highly cultivated voice, and may be considered a valuable acquisition to the musical world. The latter part of the duo, "Sul campo," was encored. Madame Grisi next sung "Io l'udia," (*Torquato Tasso*) Donizetti. She was in fine voice and excellent humor; the song was encored mid acclamations. She also sung in the second act a romanza e rondo, from Verdi's *I Lombardi*. We have yet to learn to be lovers of Verdi's music, and although we cannot withhold our meed of praise from Grisi's singing, for she did for it all that mortal could to make it effective, still it fell dull and flat upon the ear after "Io l'udia." Mario sung in the first act, "Come mai calmar le pene," from Pacini's *Amazilia*, and in the second act Beethoven's *Adelaida*, accompanied on the pianoforte by Monsieur Hallé (of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter). Mario was in splendid voice—his singing is as near perfection as possible; he was encored in *Adelaida*, and in lieu of repeating it he sung "Come gentil la notte," from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, the effect of which was much improved by Grisi's voice chiming in most sweetly from the room behind. The audience were so taken, as it were, by surprise, that it was called for again, and on its repetition Grisi and Tagliafico came forward to the front and joined their voices in a subdued chorus with Mario's. The charming effect produced by this trifling words cannot describe. In the first act Monsieur Hallé (a professor from the continent, who made his début in London with great success, and who, we understand, is come to reside amongst us) played Beethoven's concerto in E flat with full orchestral accompaniments. We, in the first place, compliment him on his choice of music, which he played very finely, though we fear it was too long for the unlearned ear of many of the audience. The pieces he selected for the second act were Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, the duet from the third book, the No. 6, from the fifth book, and "Caprice brillant sur un thème de Schubert," *La Truite*, Op. 33, by S. Heller; in executing which he proved himself perfectly master of his instrument, and played with good taste and brilliant execution. He used one of Erard's model grand pianofortes for the occasion. The first act closed with a duo between Grisi and Mario, "Ah! se puoi così lasciarmi," with full orchestral accompaniments; it was exquisitely performed. We never heard Grisi and Mario to greater advantage. Grisi also sung in the second act, "Con pazienza sopportiano," with Tagliafico. We must say that we are heartily tired of this duo. The vocal part of the concert ended with "Zitti, zitti," from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, which was substituted for the one down in the scheme.

The room was crowded to excess, and the concert did not terminate till half-past ten o'clock.

THE EISLEDDFOD AT ABERGAVENNY.

THE approaching meeting is looked forward to with great interest by all the members of the principality. These assemblies are triennial. The last took place at Abergavenny in

the autumn of 1845. From the circumstance that Her Majesty has very graciously allowed the present Eisteddfod to take place under the immediate patronage of the Prince of Wales, and as many of the influential families in Wales will take an active part in promoting the interests of the society, a very brilliant and numerous attendance is confidently anticipated. The objects of the society are to encourage amongst the natives of Wales a taste for literature and the fine arts. For this purpose a great number of prizes will be given for essays and poems in the *original language* of Wales; for specimens of sculpture, and for music. In order to render more intelligent the intentions of the Festival, we add the following extracts from the *Welshman* newspaper:—

"In addition to the presence of the party who will accompany the hon. president, Charles Kemys Tynte, Esq., M.P., a very gay assemblage is expected at the mansion of Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., at Llanover Court. A large party of visitors will remain in Abergavenny and at the seats of the neighbouring gentry. There will be some forty or fifty prizes given during the meetings of the Eisteddfod,—six or eight *triple-stringed* harps will be awarded to the best performers on this ancient instrument. Among the prize donors we find the names of Lady Hall (whose earnest endeavours to cherish everything pertaining to the nationality of Wales are too well known to require further comment here), the Countess of Abergavenny, Lady Parry, Lady Chetwynd, and numerous other ladies connected with the country. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will give a prize of twenty-five guineas for a critical essay on the history of the literature and language of Wales, &c. A prize of not less than seventy guineas will be given for the best model in plaster illustrative of Cambro-British History. The subjects are mentioned in the prospectus."

In addition to many prizes of a similar nature, others will be awarded for subjects connected with the commercial interests of Wales,—for specimens of various woollens, cloths, &c. We omitted to state that besides the prizes for harpists, that rewards will be given for the best set of Welsh singers in parts—that is, of melodies harmonized for several voices; also to singers who accompany themselves on the Welsh harp. In consequence of the absence of Mr. John Parry (who had been invited to Llanover by Lady Hall) the committee, at the suggestion of Mr. Parry, have invited Mr. Brinley Richards to attend the Eisteddfod as the judge of the musical proceedings. Mr. Brinley Richards officiated in a similar manner at the meeting in 1845.

The ensuing festival will take place on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of October; we shall give a full report of all the proceedings.

MR. WILSON'S FAREWELL NIGHT.

EXETER-HALL was thronged on Thursday evening, the occasion being Mr. Wilson's Farewell Entertainment previous to his departure for America. Mr. Wilson was greeted heartily on his entrance into the orchestra. His vocal performance, as usual, was interspersed with anecdotes and illustrations, but somehow, either from the size of the hall, or from the weakness of Mr. Wilson's speaking tones on the occasion, not more than half what Mr. Wilson spoke reached us. Certainly, Exeter-Hall is not fitted, from its size and construction, for lectures, and this remark struck us long before we listened to Mr. Wilson's Scottish Entertainment. But however much we might have lost of the vocalist's colloquial qualities, we were

not stinted one jot in the singing. Mr. Wilson has a delightful voice, and transported his auditors on more occasions than one by his truthful and expressive interpretation of his native melodies.

The songs in the programme apparently most admired were, in the first part, "O weel may the Boatie row;" the serenade from the *Pirate*, "Love wakes and weeps," and the beautiful ballad, "The Flowers of the Forest;" and in the second part, "Tak yer auld cloak aboot ye;" the dialogue song, "Ham cam our gudeman at e'en;" and the humorous ballad, "Get up and bar the door." "The flowers of the Forest" was given with great pathos and simplicity, and provoked an enthusiastic encore. "Tak yer auld cloak aboot ye" being re-demanded, Mr. Wilson supplied instead the well-known song of Burns, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," which was listened to with breathless attention, and received with immense applause.

Mr. Jolley presided most efficiently at the piano.

At the close of the concert, a call was made for "Scots wha hae," to which Mr. Wilson instantly responded, and sang the national air of Scotland amid the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Wilson, we understand, departs for America in a few days. As an interpreter of Scottish ballads, his place cannot be supplied, and his entertainments will be missed by those who are favorers of the national airs of Scotland, and love to spend a quiet winter's evening in Store Street. Whenever Mr. Wilson returns to us he will be right welcome, for he brings with him, mixed with his pathetic strains, "quips and cranks and jollity."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—The Adelphi company are doing wonders at the Haymarket, but not without the aid of Mr. Webster, who in *Flying Colours* has no doubt tended in no small degree to attract the crowded audience who nightly visit the theatre. *Paul Pry* has been revived for Wright, but that ultra-funny comedian has hardly been of Listonian weight enough in the part. He cannot make *Paul Pry serious*—wherein consists the essential humour of the character; and though his performance elicits screams of laughter every evening, it is Wright they laugh at, and not Paul Pry. *Norma* has been revived for Wright and Paul Bedford, and here Wright is all himself, and the huge Paul creates a sensation the very antipodes of Grisi—no small compliment to the Lablache of burlesque.

The *Wreck Ashore* has also been reproduced, and with good success. The principal feature of the week was Wright's benefit, on Thursday, when the *Wreck Ashore*, *Paul Pry*, and *Norma* were performed. The house was crowded in every nook and corner. The Adelphi company play only three nights more, when they will retire from the Haymarket, and make way for the carpenters and upholsterers who have to work out the ameliorating and beautifying of the interior. Mr. Webster is big with great things for the opening of his winter season. We shall be able to furnish forth shortly, a transcript of all he contemplates.

MARYLEBONE.—The Keeleys have retired from this establishment after a most prosperous engagement, and have been succeeded by Mr. Hudson, from the Haymarket, who has appeared in some of his popular Irish parts; such as *Born to Good Luck*, *Teddy the Tiler*, and others. Albert Smith's drama, *Blanche Heriot*, has been produced with much success; as also a new farce for Hudson, entitled *Naval Engagements*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—Meyerbeer has arrived, and it is now definitely settled that his *Prophète* will be produced. Madame Viardot Garcia and Roger will appear in the principal parts, and will be assisted by Madame Julian and Alizard. The *Prophète* will be produced directly after Christmas. Those who have heard the music allege that it will create as great a sensation as the *Robert le Diable*, or the *Huguenots*. It is rumoured that an opera of Rossini's, unknown, at least in the name, entitled *Viaggio a Rheims*, will be brought out at the *Théâtre Italiens*. The *Viaggio a Reims* is nothing else than the first libretto to which the greater part of the music of the *Comte Ory* was written, so that, by the production of the *Viaggio a Rheims*, such another hodge-podge as the *Robert Bruce* may be anticipated. We are surprised, with two such comic artists as Lablache and Ronconi, that the directors do not think of producing one of Rossini's earliest comic works, the *Turco in Italia* for instance, which, we have little doubt, would serve their turn better than forced *rafaccimentos* of well-known operas. *Robert Bruce* should have taught them a better lesson. Duprez has appeared twice during the week at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, in the *Jerusalem*, and the *Favorita*. He was greatly applauded in both performances; and although his voice has lost all its purity and freshness, he is still the great artist in his acting and vocalization. Madlle. Masson made a very favorable impression in the *Favorita*. Osborne, the pianist, has arrived in the French capital, after a most brilliant career through England, Ireland, and Scotland. A curious anecdote respecting Herold and Meyerbeer has appeared in a biography of the author of *Zampa*, published last week, and which has given rise to much talk in the musical circles. It seems that the second act of *Zampa* terminates with a religious ceremony, in which the composer wished to introduce an organ accompaniment, such a mean of musical effect not having been hitherto introduced in the theatre, if one may credit the biographer. Herold went everywhere to obtain an organ for the first representation, but all in vain; every organ in Paris was either sold or hired. In vain he offered a large sum, but he could not procure that which he wanted. At last he was forced to content himself with a very small organ, which lay almost unknown in the shop of a manufacturer; and the consequence was, all the effects intended were nullified. The reason assigned by the biographer for the embargo laid on all the organs was, that Meyerbeer had just finished the *Robert le Diable*, that he had introduced the same organio effects into his new opera, and wishing not to be forestalled by Herold, he went through all Paris, and bought or hired every organ that could be procured for money; so that when Herold wanted that particular instrument he could not find one. Such is the story told in the new life of Herold. It is hardly necessary to say that there is not a shadow of truth in the above statement. *Zampa* was brought out many months before the *Robert* was even dreamt of being put into rehearsal; and that Meyerbeer should have so many months in advance schemed to deprive Herold of obtaining an organ—independent of the utter impossibility of doing anything of the kind—is too absurd to enter into the brain of anybody but a madman. There are numbers, however, who put the most implicit faith in the relation. M. Adolphe Adam, the biographer, errs when he alleges that the introduction of an organ into the theatre in *Zampa* was a novelty. It was made use of for the first time on the 2nd of September, 1794, in the *Rosière Républicaine*, an opera of Sylvain Maréchal and Gretry. So much for historiographic truth!

BRUSSELS.—M. Massol has been appointed director of the

Theatres Royal. The privilege has been granted to him for two years and eight months, with full powers. He has gone to Paris to engage his troupe. M. Hanssens, the late *chef d'orchestre*, will be replaced by his uncle, the former conductor, who is at present presiding in the orchestra of the Ghent Opera.

FRANKFORT.—Pischek has appeared with great success in *Don Juan* and *Belisario*.

PROGRESSIVE CADENCES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—It has been sagely and eloquently laid down by a most talented and distinguished author of the day that "experience is the only investment which never fails to repay ten-fold what it costs;" the maxim, beautiful as it is in expression, is not less remarkable for its truth, and is most applicable to the present subject. No man should trust himself within the pale of controversy who is not of the Stoic school of philosophy, possessing sense and resolution to resist and controul all baneful excitement. Under such determination and restraint he would gain wisdom from the very errors of his antagonist, and prove the truth of the author's conception. But where is the man who shall affirm, and act up to the affirmation, "mea virtute me involvo;" the weakness of human nature too often betrays even the most right-minded into error, and if there be one excitement more powerful than another in its influence on the human mind it is that of Controversy. From the earliest ages to the present hour it has exalted and debased the mightiest as well as the weakest intellect. It has been a curse to the philosopher, the statesman, the divine, and to the artist, who have been spell-bound in its infatuation; and what the Roman satirist has written of his age may with equal, if not greater, truth be spoken of modern times.

I have been led to these reflections by the correspondence which has emanated from myself, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Flowers, on the subjects of Modulation and Progressive Cadences. That the real subject has been sadly lost in unworthy personalities must be a source of regret to all who seek the advancement of the art as well as that of the artist. I lament the unhappy tendency in Mr. Flowers to decry the talent and ability of an antagonist because he happens to have a contrary opinion to his own. When men of experience and talent sit down for the purpose of giving to the world the fruits of their experience, they gracefully perform that duty which a grateful country ever expects from them. It was with much pleasure I recognized the intention of Mr. Flowers of promulgating his opinions on progressive cadences. Emanating from the Abbé Vogler, so far as he knew, I hailed with delight the presumption that some new light might be thrown upon a branch of art which was veiled in considerable doubt and mystification; i.e., so far as applied to the uses of arithmetical progression. There have not been few composers and men learned in the art who have treated these matters as dry and musty efforts to throw a "cobweb o'er the brain," to fetter the wings of genius, &c. Be this as it may, I never doubted the power of a pupil like Mr. Flowers, nor the ability to bring forward such remarks and with illustrations apposite enough to make the subject one of great interest to musicians in general. It was reserved for John Barnett to do this in a manner most conclusive and satisfactory; and though your truly and excellent correspondent, "Teutonium," has awarded to me the £20 offered by Mr. F., yet do I most gratefully

tender it to John Barnett, who, no doubt, (on receipt thereof) will dispose of it in the way so benevolently suggested. To him belongs the merit of giving honor where honor is really due; and the sensible, careful reasoning powers of "Teutoni-
 nus" confirms it, even if my own evidence was insufficient. Let me, however, regret that out of this should have arisen a conflict which has perhaps terminated an enquiry so rational and so productive of rational enquiry. I have written warmly, for I felt warmly. Accused of "writing lies for the sole purpose of injuring another,"—of "meanness," of "want of heart," and "true generosity" by one whose writings possess neither one or the other. It was more than my poor humanity could bear, especially with that philosophy I commend at the beginning of this letter. If I have done Mr. F. injustice, let it be made clear, and he will have at once a straight-forward, manly, and open apology from one who has too much energy of character to entertain a drawback of that which shall not bear about it the very essence of sincerity and candor.

I have read a very proper and business-like letter from Messrs. Balls and Sons. I no more doubt their account than I would that of the revolutions of the earth on its own axis. I knew not *them* in the remarks I made seven years ago, nor *him* who was the cause. Those remarks were publicly made, open to refutation and conviction, which if done would have been as great a source of comfort to me as it would have been to poor, dear, good old Kinch. If error has arisen from misconception, owing to a still more imperfect acquaintance with the language, or from any other source, I most willingly give Mr. F. the benefit of it, as every honorable man would. I give but that which was given to me, and tell the tale that was told to me. The severity of the remarks made by Mr. F. on the few observations I made on his in reply to Mr. Barnett's I considered perfectly uncalled for and ungenerous;—mine were well meant and expressed with the greatest consideration. If in that which followed there should be a purge effective enough to rid him of his arrogance and self-conceit, I shall have done a service for which he can never sufficiently thank me. He has merit and ability enough to be of use to his species and class, and that without being "inventive."

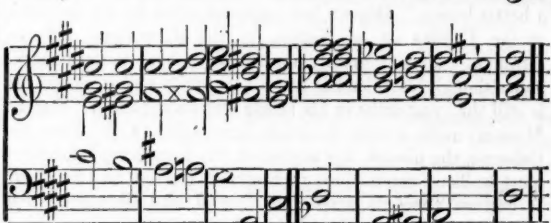
As so much has been said of progressive cadences, and upon which more has to be said, it will not be *mal-a-propos* to the enquiry of cadence in general, if a few remarks are indulged in the definition of the term cadence, or close. The word close, I take it, expresses most fully its true meaning—the modes are multitudinous—the study of which to the theoretical, as well as practical, musician, has never been an object of great importance. However numerous may be the species of cadence they may be all classed and confined to the following four, viz., the *perfect*, the *imperfect*, the *interrupted*, and the *deceptive* cadence.

The *perfect* cadence is that which is most commonly used. Proceeding from the dominant to the tonic it serves to finish a phrase or passage in the most complete and satisfactory manner. The following examples of *perfect* cadence, major and minor, will be sufficiently numerous enough for illustration:

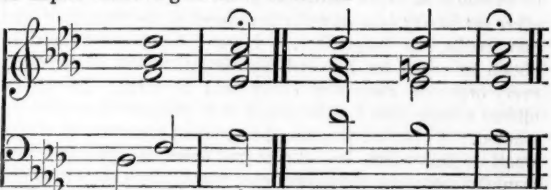
Major.



Minor.



The *imperfect* cadence is that which proceeds from the key-note or tonic to the dominant, and terminating on it, leaves us to expect something which is to follow.



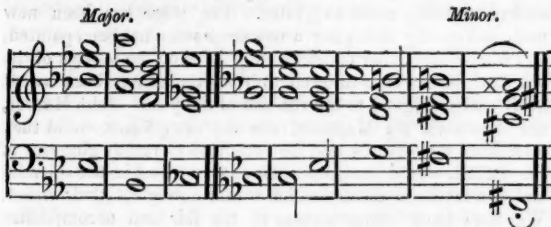
The *interrupted* cadence is that in which, after all the introductory chords to a perfect cadence, we take, instead of the common chord of the tonic, some other chord, altogether novel and unexpected.

Major.

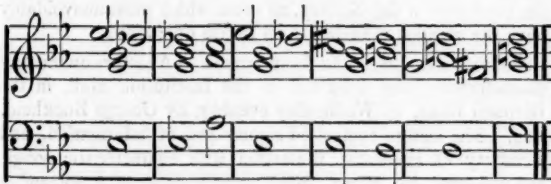


Minor.

Deceptive cadences are also interrupted cadences, when we pass into some very remote and strangely sounding key.



A very beautiful and interesting modulation of this latter species is produced by the use of chord of the superfluous sixth:



We find in the above example that the chord of the superfluous sixth consists of the very same sounds as the chord of the dominant seventh; thus an inharmonic change may take place which is at once striking and impressive.

Deceptive cadences are used by judicious authors but sparingly: when ingeniously done and introduced in the right place and moment, and not too often, the finest effects are produced.

The above remarks and illustrations (which are the common property of every student in harmony), with their simple yet conclusive demonstrations, convey all that can be attached to the true and legitimate use of cadence. That the great masters think so is evident from their works.

Innumerable examples might be adduced, but these are sufficient to exhibit the fact of their being perfectly amenable to all the laws of harmony, subservient as a means to every exigency of the composer, and they bewilder not the mind by metaphysical conjecture or arithmetical proof. I give all respect and merit due to so distinguished a writer on harmony as the late Abbe Vogler assuredly was; but that he was a dry and most matter-of-fact expounder—that he attempted to reduce poetic beauty in music to the commonest mechanical laws—is notorious; and that he failed in doing so is proved by the opinion of every composer from his time to our own. That his extraordinary research and extreme microscopical faculties produced extraordinary coincidences no one can deny; but that any one of these ever served to produce one poetic thought or inspiration is notoriously impossible. I shall, on a future occasion, humbly endeavour to support these opinions by a fair analysis of Vogler's arithmetical progressions, with the new nomenclature which Mr. Flowers has been pleased to attach to them, and with the earnest hope that the kindness of the editors of the *Musical World*, in permitting its pages to be open to fair discussion, may not be abused by foolish rivalry or unworthy personalities; and that the observations on "experience," which form a preamble to this communication, may be treasured in the minds of all your correspondents.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours most obliged

WILLIAM ASPULL.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS' PSALM TUNES.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Will you have the kindness to correct the following sentence in our letter, which you were kind enough to insert in your *Journal* of last week—"he became possessed of the work," it should be *was*.

The head-line also will not be found in our note of the 15th instant.—Your's respectfully,
BALLS & Co.

OPERATIC STARS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Having read the letter of your correspondent in last week's *Musical World*, enquiring where all the portraits of the celebrated artists were to be procured, I beg to answer him that I do not think he can obtain a regular collection of portraits. By applying at Mitchell's, Ebers', Sams', or others of the operatic booksellers, he may obtain Chalon's pictures of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and others—excellent likenesses. Other portraits, by other hands, he may also procure, of various degrees of merit. If your correspondent be a fancier of excellent likenesses in works of art, I know a person who has an original portrait of Alboni, done in cameo, by one of our first artists, which he would be most happy to show to any admirer of the great contralto. By addressing a line, at the *Musical World* office, to D. S.W. the owner of the cameo will appoint a place where it may be seen.—I am, sir,
UTILITAS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OUT OF TUNE.

(From *Punch*.)

ELYSIAN FIELDS, SEPT. 14, 1843.

"MEIN HERR PUNCH,—'What,' I believe one of your English proverbs asks, 'does it matter provided you are in a state of felicity?' That such is my agreeable condition you will perceive from the date of this epistle: but although I do not trouble myself with the affairs of your world, I have not ceased to take a kindly interest in them. I now regard with a lofty compassion the servility which moved my bile as long as I had any. Whilst upon earth, there was nothing that I despised or detested more than flunkeyism. At present I only look with pity on that thorough base element in the 'still sad music of humanity.' It was merely with this mild feeling that I read a statement—which I shall presently subjoin—in the *Times* newspaper this morning at breakfast; for the newspapers (especially *Punch*) are a portion of our beatitudes, and form a regular addition to our matutinal nectar and ambrosia. I perceive that yesterday a symphony of mine was performed at the Norwich Musical Festival, and that your Duke of Cambridge went to hear it. I find that:—

"The symphony had already begun, the first movement indeed was over, and the *intermezzo* in process of performance, but at the entrance of the illustrious visitor, Mr. Benedict stopped the band, and the National Anthem was immediately commenced."

"Now, I am far above being personally offended at the interruption of my symphony in order to compliment a Duke; but I must, quite dispassionately, remark that the barbarity was gross, and the motive contemptible. It is merely with the abstract low-mindedness of the proceeding that I am disgusted. I assure you that I am not at all indignant—only scandalised. I feel justified—not proud—in asserting that I am any nobleman's betters. Royal Dukes used to take off their hats to me, and very properly. Kings have stopped to speak to me. Genius is more worthy of honor than rank.

"Observe, that I care for nothing but the principle. To me, had the symphony been Mozart's or Mendelssohn's, it would have been all one. If it is unmannerly to interrupt any man while he is speaking, what a rudeness it must be to

arrest the effusion of a master spirit, discoursing sublime music! Besides, any well constituted mind—I speak it not vainly, but philosophically—would have been so absorbed in my harmonies, as not to have observed the entrance even of a monarch. But to proceed:—

"The Duke was loudly cheered on his entry, and after the Anthem acknowledged the compliment by repeated salutations. He then took his place on a chair of state made for this special occasion, and the performance was resumed from the point at which it had been interrupted."

"The National Anthem is all very well in its proper place, as for instance, in such a medley as the *Battle of Prague*, but what business, with all seraphic calmness let me ask, had it in my symphony? The honor intended to be done to the Duke of Cambridge would have been rendered more effectually by giving him credit for having so much good taste as to be unwilling to be noticed till my piece was over. The performance, of course, was spoiled. That is no annoyance to me, who can no longer suffer from being murdered; but it must have greatly vexed all those present possessed of any soul for music. It would be awful to think of the state of Mr. Benedict's —, if the atrocity lay at his door, and not that of the directors. Otherwise I should be obliged to express the hope that in future he would take a higher tone in conducting himself, and any composition by

"Your humble servant,

"LOUIS VON BEETHOVEN."

"P.S. You have heard of 'tears such as angels weep' at any thing that is very melancholy. You will now have an opportunity of seeing what they are, for I have been crying profusely over this letter, and it is quite saturated with them."

"L. v B."

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"The Diana Waltz," by GEORGE E. HAY.—ADDISON & Co.

THE Diana Waltz, though sufficiently simple, is beyond the average merit of compositions of this class. The subject is obvious, phrasing very neat, and the tempo well marked. The frontispiece is entirely *sui generis*. A blue new moon, with indented horns, is set off with gold filagree work, bearing within the *intarsial* net-work, as Shelley might have ad-jec-tived the golden interlacing, the appropriate names in combination of Diana, and George E. Hay. A blue scroll at top which contains Mr. Hay's dedication to the young ladies of some favored seminary, and a blue scroll at bottom, which hold the name of the publishers, finishes the garniture of the frontispiece. If imagination prove the poet, most certainly Mr. George E. Hay is entitled to the call, as none other could have imaged forth a sky-blue moon, with golden netting. The idea is very original.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ADELPHI will re-open on Wednesday next with two or three popular pieces. The theatre has undergone a complete metamorphose. The interior has been entirely remodelled and considerably enlarged. Stone staircases have been supplied, new access to the private boxes and stalls provided, new modes of thorough ventilation procured, and every possible accommodation and convenience sought after. The theatre presents a very light and elegant appearance. The decorations, designed by Mr. Digby Wyatt, have been carried out by Mr. Sang. The curtains are of white muslin, and the boxes are lined with geranium red damask. There is but little gold

to be seen in the house, and in this respect we consider the artist has shown great taste and judgment. A small theatre suffers by being made to glitter. The stage has been new made and greatly enlarged; a new drop scene has been painted, and a new chandelier constructed. In short no vestige of the old Adelphi has been allowed to remain: all has been swept away and consigned to the rubbish of the past. John Reeves, nor Mathews, *the* Mathews, nor the later Yates, could they start from their graves and be permitted to revisit glimpses of the Strand, would recognise their antient friend in the splendid and commodious theatre which would now greet their vision. We wish most hearty success to the fair and accomplished manageress and her talented company on the new boards of the Adelphi.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—At a meeting of the members held last evening, M. Costa was elected the conductor of this Society, an event which must unavoidably have the greatest influence in its future operations.

SOUTHWARK LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A lecture on musical characteristics was delivered in the Institution Hall, in the Borough Road, on Wednesday evening, by George Buckland, Esq. The lecture comprised a good deal of information, and a variety of anecdotes, illustrated with characteristic songs, and appeared to afford much gratification to a somewhat crowded assembly. Mr. Buckland's second lecture on musical characteristics will take place on the 27th instant.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of chamber music will take place at 23, Berners-street, (by the kind permission of James Erat, Esq.) on Monday, the 25th instant, at half-past one o'clock punctually; and a trial of works with full orchestra, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, October 12th, to commence at twelve o'clock.

CERITO AND SAINT LEON will make their first appearance this season at the *Academie Royale*, or rather the *Theatre de la Nation*, in the early part of October.

MADemoiselle ADELE DUMILATRE.—The marriage of this favorite danseuse of the *Theatre de la Nation*, is announced to take place shortly. This will make the fourth marriage entered into by danseuses of the same theatre within a few months. The other three dancers who have entered into the holy bonds of wedlock, are Mademoiselle Maria, Pauline Leroux, and Forster.

MRS. BUTLER.—The *Buffalo Courier* states, that Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) is residing at Lennox, Massachusetts, where she wanders, far and wide, over hill and dale, clad in male attire.

THE XYLOCORDEON.—At the Moravian concerts last night, the grand fantasia on the xylocordeon, by Franz Stöpel, surpassed all the other performances. This extraordinary instrument produced in the hands of the young artiste the sweetest music, and his execution, brilliant and beautiful, was followed by repeated cheers.—*New York Herald*, 29th Aug. 1848.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—In addition to the attractions of fireworks, music, dancing, Juba, Van Amburgh, the lions, horses, &c., the proprietor has caused a model on a large scale to be constructed of the contemplated transformation of these gardens, hitherto used only as summer gardens, into a place of winter recreation, and into gardens that shall flourish all the year round. According to the plan described in the model, which fills one of the large apartments in the premises, the covered walks will be enclosed on the sides in such a manner that the cold air will be excluded. They will be illu-

minated with an immense number of gas burners, by which heat as well as light will be obtained; the sides will be so contrived so that they will afford a panoramic exhibition of the overland route to India, commencing with the city of Marseilles, and showing all the principal points. The Rotunda will be made into an elegant dining room, a conservatory will be erected, and stocked with plants and flowers; and on the ground now devoted to fireworks will be raised an immense hippodrome, in which it is stated that M. Franconi, from the Hippodrome at Paris, will exhibit his chariots, horses, and equestrian pageants. There are many minor alterations and additions to be made for the opening of the place for the winter amusement of the inhabitants of the metropolis. The model, which is a very perfect one, will be interesting to all who are in search of recreation, and who have been accustomed to seek it at Vauxhall. If the design be carried out in the manner proposed, there is little doubt of its meeting the patronage of the public, although the project is a novelty which a few years ago would never have been thought of by the most speculative caterer for public entertainment.—*Times*.

STATISTICS OF THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The following table exhibits the amount of the collection at the doors of the cathedral for the charity on each of the days of the present and preceding festivals:—

	1848.	1847.
Tuesday	£300 11 10	£321 4 6
Wednesday	283 1 0	251 16 9
Thursday	161 13 4	277 12 8
	£745 6 2	£850 13 11
Friday	213 9 2	No 4th day.
	£958 15 4	

The collection at the present festival, therefore, exceeds that of the last by £108 1s. 5d. The following statement exhibits the attendance at the cathedral and the concerts during the present and preceding festival:—

	Cathedral.		Concerts.	
	1848.	1845.	1848.	1845.
Tuesday	1447	850	542	430
Wednesday	1033	650	420	450
Thursday	586	1200	1069	600
	3066	2700	2031	1480
Friday	1075			
	4141			

Thus the attendance at the cathedral on this occasion has exceeded 1845 by 1441, and the attendance at the concerts shows an increase of 551.

SHAKSPEARE'S BETROTHING-RING. — A few weeks since Mr. Crofton Croker, the well-known author, purchased for a few shillings, of a silversmith at Gloucester, a massive gilt ring of the time of Queen Elizabeth, containing the letters "W. A." in an untied true-love knot. The silversmith stated, in answer to an inquiry made by Mr. Croker, that he purchased it from a poor woman of Stratford-on-Avon, in whose garden it had been found five years ago; but it is only within the last few days that an opinion of its probable connexion with the great dramatist has been entertained. On comparing the scroll with that of the poet's seal ring described in "Halliwell's Life of Shakspeare," and with a similar scroll on a piece of painted glass from New Place, competent judges have come to the conclusion that the ring thus singularly recovered by Mr. Croker, was in all probability the betrothing ring of William and Anne Shakspeare. The heraldry of love-

knots, which has tended to decide this question, exhibits in a curious manner how often branches of archaeological inquiry, in themselves insignificant, become of real use and importance in application. It should be observed that neither of the previous owners of the ring entertained the slightest idea of its value, and that it is beyond a doubt a genuine relic of the period.—*Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS would greatly oblige us by sending their communications as early as possible in the week. We are at times sadly inconvenienced by the lateness of their arrival.

A CONSTANT READER AT GRANTHAM. — The gentleman in question and his brother are both dentists by profession, but whether the eldest practises the dental business, or no, we cannot answer; but most likely his literary avocations preclude him from so doing.

PROMPTUS. — The work may be procured at Cramer, Beale, & Co's, Regent Street, and has been several years in print. To the other question we cannot even hazard a reply.

HUMOR. — Apply to J. Prosser, Hanway Street, Oxford Street, who, we think, manufactures articles of the best kind our correspondent enquires after.

SPECIOSUS cannot be answered. He must wait four months at least.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT,

REV. GEORGE ROBERTS.

CONDUCTOR—MR. SURMAN.

LEADER—MR. H. BLAGROVE.

THE above Society will resume their SERIES of ORATORIOS early in the ensuing Quarter.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—for Reserved Seats, Two Guineas; Area, One Guinea; entitling Subscribers to two transferable Tickets for each Concert. Application to be made to Mr. SURMAN, 9, Exeter Hall; Messrs. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr. BARMAN, 3, Leadenhall Street; and Mr. BRAND, 43, Blackman Street, Borough.

Rehearsals take place in the Minor Hall, every MONDAY Evening, at Eight o'clock, to which all Subscribers have access.

18th September, 1848.

W. S. AUSTIN, Hon. Sec.

NEW QUADRILLES AND WALTZES.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT

QUADRILLE,

By CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Solo, 3s.; Duet, Pianoforte, 4s.; as Quintett, for Small Band, 5s.; for a large Orchestra, 12s.

JENNY LIND'S ADINA WALTZES,

THREE SHILLINGS.

JENNY LIND'S

FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO WALTZES

THREE SHILLINGS.

Both by MONTGOMERY.

All Splendidly Illustrated by JOHN BRANDARD.

NOTE.—In the "Jeannette and Jeannot" Quadrilles all the Melodies of the famous "Songs of the Conscript" are included. The Time is well marked for Dancing; and, from the great demand already made, the Publisher believes that this Set will be the most popular ever issued in Great Britain, or any other part of the World.

London: CHAS. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

EXETER HALL.

PROGRAMME

OF

Mr. LAVENU'S EVENING CONCERT,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1848,

To commence at Seven o'Clock.

PART I.

- Overture—(Composed expressly for this occasion . . . Lavenu.
 Trio—"Before this heart, my father," Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Machin, and Mr. Weiss (Loretta) . . . Lavenu.
 Duetto—"Io l'udia," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams . . . Donizetti.
 Cavatina—"Nacqui all' affano, and," Madlle. Alboni . . . Rossini.
 Rondo—"Non più mesta," Madlle. Alboni . . . Rossini.
 Cavatina—"Sentinels," Mr. Weiss (Castle of Aymon) . . . Balfe.
 Concerto—Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder . . . Mendelssohn.
 Scena—"I tuoi frequenti palpiti," Miss Emma Lucombe . . . Pacini.
 Song—"Philip the Falconer," Mr. Machin . . . Loder.
 Duetto—"La regatta Veneziano," Madlle. Alboni and Miss Durlacher . . . Rossini.
 Ballad—"They bid me never see him more," Miss Poole . . . F. Romer.
 Coro—"La Carita," Madlle. Alboni, Miss E. Lucombe, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Durlacher, Miss Poole, and Miss Miran . . . Rossini.
 Overture—(Oberon) . . . Weber.

PART II.

- Overture—(William Tell) . . . Rossini.
 Aria—"La pastorella" (Son bella Pastorella) Mrs. Weiss . . . Rossini.
 Duet—"The Swiss Maidens," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams . . . Holmes.
 Song—"The merry Zingara," Miss Durlacher . . . Balfe.
 Scena—"In questo semple," from the Opera of Betty, Madlle. Alboni . . . Donizetti.
 Duet—"Soffriva nel pianto," Mrs. and Mr. Weiss . . . Donizetti.
 Ballad—"They tell me that thy heart is changed," Miss Miran . . . T. Baker.
 Duet—"The Sea Elves," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams . . . Lavenu.
 Romanza—"Se miei prodi," Mr. Weiss . . . Pacini.
 Ballad—"Happy heart," Miss Poole . . . Lavenu.
 Brindisi—"Il segreto per esser felice," from the Opera of Lucrezia Borgia, Madlle. Alboni . . . Donizetti.
 Coro—"Il Carnavale" . . . Rossini.
 Overture—(Men of Prometheus) . . . Beethoven.

The Orchestra selected from the Royal Italian Opera.

LEADER . . . MR. BLAGROVE.

CONDUCTORS . . . MESSRS. LUCAS and LAVENU.

Reserved Seats, 7s.; Body of the Hall, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Orchestra Gallery, 1s. To be had of Messrs. CHAMER, BEALE, and Co. 201, Regent Street; Addison, 210, Regent Street; Jullien and Co., Regent Street; CHAPPELL, OLLIVIER, LEADER and COCK, and ALLCROFT, Bond Street; and of PROWSE, Cheapside.

GERMAN MUSIC.

Amongst the Authors for the Pianoforte who now enjoy so great an European reputation for freshness and elegance of ideas, both in melody and harmony, stands pre-eminent STEPHEN HELLER, THEODORE KULAK, JULES SCHULHOFF, and ADOLPHE HENSELT. Their publishers, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, Regent-street, London, have the honour to solicit the attention of the distinguished amateurs of Manchester to the works of the above Composers, which may be found at every respectable Music-seller's; together with the inimitable works of FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN, of which they are the sole Proprietors.

The Catalogues of Messrs. WESSEL and Co., for Stringed and Wind Instruments, offer a variety of the highest standard, and may be obtained gratis, as above.

N.B.—The Six Books of Finishing Piano Forte Studies, by Frederic Chopin (Op. 10, 25, and 28), are in general use at the Royal Academies of Music in London, Paris, Prague, Vienna, and Berlin.

WALHALLA.
SALLE DE VALENTINO,

Late Miss Linwood's Gallery,

LEICESTER SQUARE,

Splendidly redecorated and enlarged, will be opened for the Season

On MONDAY, September 25th,

WITH

HERR REDL'S

SPLENDID AND UNRIVALLED BAND.

Which will consist, amongst others, of the following eminent and favourite

Solo Artists:—

Leader . . . Mr. THOMAS BERRY.

MESSRS.

Z E R B I N I,

J. BRADLEY, MAYCOCK,

ALFRED NICHOLSON,

C. R I D D L E,

W R I G H T, J. E D W A R D S,

W E L L S, A D D Y,

H A R D Y,

C. G R I E S S B A C H,

W. F. R E E D,

W. H. B A R R E T T,

C H A R L E S B A R R E T T,

G E O R G E M I L L E R,

T U T T E L L, T R U N T E R,

W H I T T A K E R,

H A Y W A R D, A. E A M E S,

C. L A M B,

H A R R I S O N, M' L E A N,

M I N G A Y E,

M A N N, Sen., N O R M A N,

AND
K E N C H.

Musical Director and Conductor, . . . Herr REDL,

Who has the honor to announce that he has made arrangements with the following talented and admired Composers for the earliest production of their new Compositions, viz.:—

C. C O O T E,

F. G. T I N N E Y,

D' A L B E R T,

T. B R O W N E,

O A K E Y, F. E A M E S,

M O N T G O M E R Y,

AND

R I C A R D O L I N T E R.

To which will be added,

SELECT COMPOSITIONS

of the most favourite Foreign Composers.

Doors open at a quarter-past Eight. Dancing to commence at half-past Eight, and close at half-past Eleven.—Admission, One Shilling.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street, and at all Booksellers.—Saturday, September 23rd, 1848.